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THE MONITOR



Vol. 1

1928

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- 5 Ride straight. Don't wobble.
- 6 Watch for STOP signs and traffic officers' signals.
- 7 Give traffic coming from right the right of way at intersections.
- 8 Do not hang on to moving vehicles.
- 9 Don't "cut in" in front of a moving car.
- 10 Keep your feet on the pedals—your hands on the handlebars.

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OUR NEW MAGAZINE

In every high school in Ontario the pupils publish a magazine each year. This year a new effort has been made. The "Monitor" of Memorial School has joined in this popular work.

With the willing help of the principal, Mr. Lowens and Miss Lawrie, of the Junior Fourth, a staff has been composed to carry this idea through to a successful end.

The most important idea in view in organizing this magazine is to bring out the hidden ability and acquire practice in composing better compositions and poems. One achieves better results and has more inspiration after seeing some work in print.

This being our first attempt, it is difficult to find suitable material for our magazine, but we have gained much valuable information from other school magazines which have had experience along this line.

The two fourth classes have had the opportunity of expressing their literary talent.

It is realized that in the coming year the magazine must be started much earlier to give an account of the full year's activities.

We hope that in the future years the "Monitor" will justify its name and prove to be a useful help to the students of Memorial School in their various studies.

EVELYN AUSTIN.

We, the Editorial Staff of the Monitor, wish to express our appreciation and thanks to the business firms who have made it possible for us to give a copy of the Monitor free to every family represented in our school and to each merchant.

Hurrah, for our merchants! Let us help them to boost our own home town and make it a greater Weston.

THE PENNY BANK SYSTEM

The Penny Bank System was founded in Memorial Public School in September, 1926. Since then it has indeed progressed and its present standard we wish to perpetuate.

For the first year the percentage of the school fluctuated between fifty and seventy per cent. During the second year the progress showed a decided change. We rose quickly reaching ninety per cent and over. In 1928 we finally succeeded in reaching one hundred and

have remained there, or near there, ever since, thus becoming the rival of Grand Avenue School.

In 1927 Grand Avenue School received the honour of being highest in the province for the year stated. Our future aims in the present year will be to outrival Grand Avenue, and ourselves become the school with the highest percentage in the province of Ontario.

JEAN ROWLAND.

POSTER CONTEST

On the day of April 2, a number of Health Posters were completed in competition for three prizes.

Various touches of originality were shown, giving the judges a considerably difficult task. Ronald Veales as winner of the first prize showed skill in his painting of a Boy Scout eating proper food. The second prize was awarded to Jean Rowland for an exhibition of vegetables. Jean Brigham, the winner of third prize displayed her artistic talent by painting a few correct foods excellently.

MEMORIAL SCHOOL WILL HAVE A HOME AND SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. Meaden invited to her home, the staff of Memorial School, together with many of the mothers of this district, to discuss the feasibility of a Home and School Association. Mr. Lowens, as chairman, read the reasons why an organization of this type should be formed. Briefly, I shall state them: It promotes co-operation between parents, teachers and school trustees. It adds to the teacher's influence and to parent's interest. It enables parents who misunderstand the purposes and methods of the school to get correct views and so to extend sympathy instead of antagonism. It is team play between two of the most powerful social forces in the world.

It received the hearty endorsement of all present as well as that of the Board of Education. The

meetings are held monthly from September to May, inclusive. Any person who sympathizes with the object of the association is eligible for membership and the fee, you will be delighted to hear, is not dollars, but cents, the amount to be decided later. Mrs. Meaden was elected president, with Miss Rothery as secretary. The definite date for our September meeting has not yet been arranged.

The idealism and aspiration of the past is recognized. It is because of this background of high endeavour that we cannot be satisfied with what has gone before. We must go forward to ways of new understanding.

To urge upon all parents careful and systematic study of the needs and nature of children is in no way to disparage the achievements of our parents, or of any parents in the past who relied largely upon tradition and temperament. They did the best they could and it was often a devoted and inspired best. We of to-day would prove unworthy of them if we did not go farther and bring to our children the best knowledge that is now available.

Every department of life has shown advancement in proportion as it has made use of the results of modern study. The care of children is no exception. It requires understanding based upon the studies of experts, together with the steady application to the task of keeping up with the growth of knowledge as well as with the growth of children. We believe that the Home and School Association will, to a great extent, do this.

RUTH C. ROTHERY.

OUR LACROSSE TEAM

Since Lacrosse is the national game of Canada, we, the boys of Memorial School Lacrosse Team, are proud to say that we won the Weston School Lacrosse cup last year.

*Photo by Hastings***OUR STAFF**

M. G. Beamish, M. L. McFarland, A. E. Laurie, E. J. Scrace.
W. M. Fuller, O. M. Boake, Vernon Lowens, M. S. Fraser, C. E. Webster.

We had won numerous games and found ourselves in the finals with St. John's Separate School. This was the game of the season. Both teams played well, but our determination to 'keep on keeping on' until we were rewarded with victory helped us win the silver cup. Through the courtesy of the W.A. A.A. a banquet was given and to each player a medal presented.

May fortune smile on us when we enter the competition for the Desborough Cup in the coming year. This cup was offered by Lord Desborough to the winning suburban team.

OUR CADET CORPS

The Brock Cadet Corps of Weston Memorial School, named after one of our greatest Canadian generals, has not been organized very long.

Mr. Lowens, our instructor, and the captains, Gordon Hugill of No. 1 platoon and Edgar Rowland of

No. II platoon are looking forward to inspection day.

Not all the cadets readily respond to the word "Shun" because they are continually weighed down with the "worry" of the ever-present studies or maybe each is inclined to let his mind wander to his immediate neighbour—and his tongue may soon follow but through the competition between the two teams for obedience and discipline we hope to make all pupils quick-minded and alert.

EDGAR ROWLAND.

WESTON FIELD DAY

The date of September 24, 1927, will always be a gala day for Weston Memorial School pupils as on that day they marched to victory in the winning of the Silver Cup. Through the thronged main thoroughfare they marched without flinching beneath the stern, critical eyes of the judges.

The pupils assembled at their respective schools and marched to

King St. to be set in proper rank and order. The day of victory was grand and glorious. We were soon marching beneath the sun's warm rays through the streets of Weston, some with quaking hearts and others quite sure of a share in the spoils. At last the fair grounds were reached amid the clamouring of excited throngs. Straight and silent as Egyptian mummies we stood waiting with that eager and expectant look on all our faces.

At last the judge began in low ponderous tones, "We are very pleased to present this beautiful cup to—" "The blow is about to descend" was whispered in the lines—"Memorial School."

A great shout went up, followed by hearty congratulations, and amidst it all, our principal, Mr. Lowens, received the cup and delivered his speech to the great crowd.

At last the pupils burst through their lines, shouting with joy at their well-earned freedom. Soon the different booths were kept busy serving pupils. Tents were visited and boys and girls presented with prizes for their talents, such as dancing, singing, writing, art, etc.

The glorious day had waned but Memorial School is going to strive to keep the cup which she won.

ETHEL NEWBOLD.

Maroon and white, maroon and white,

These are the colours for which we'll fight,

Razzle, dazzle, sis, boom, bah,
Memorial School, Rah! Rah! Rah!

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

Oratory is the art of public speaking. The Toronto Daily Star in conjunction with the preparatory schools throughout Canada has just concluded an elimination contest to determine the best public speaker in the Dominion.

The finals in this contest took place the other evening at the Arena gardens, Toronto, before a

crowd of over ten thousand people.

There were five speakers, consisting of two boys and three girls from five different provinces of the Dominion.

The subject on which each contestant spoke was "Canada's Future," each speaker being allowed ten minutes.

The judges were five in number, each one a prominent resident of one of the five provinces represented by a contestant, British Columbia, Alberta, Manitoba, Ontario and Prince Edward Island.

De La Salle Collegiate of London, Ontario, claim William Fox, the winner, who spoke last, but very slowly and distinctly.

When the judges arose to announce Fox, the winner, he stepped forward and was greeted by Hotson, the champion of last year, amid hearty applause.

The prize was a two month's trip to Europe, where he will no doubt have the opportunity of meeting the royal family.

On his return Fox will speak at Washington for the world championship.

MARGARET DUTHIE.

Ideals are like stars. You will not succeed in touching them with your hands; but like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you eventually reach your destiny.—Carl Schurz.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us strength to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonoured, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

In the deepest and truest lives the divine "I ought" is far more powerful than the human "you must".—Frank V. Irish.



my
sherry
 ENTRANCE CLASS
 Our Hope

Photo by Hastings

Great minds have purposes, others have wishes. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above them.—Washington Irving.

“Art is the expression of man’s joy in his work, and all the joy that you weave into a fabric comes out again and belongs to the individual who has the soul to appreciate.”—Selected.

“Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.”—Hazlitt.

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify a man for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.—Selected.

John (to Jim)—“How far are you from the correct answer?”
 “Two seats.”

MEMORIAL PICTURE GALLERY

The Play Hour—Recess.

The Regions of Joy—Grammar Period.

Rebellion—Hazel Summerhayes.

The Laughing Cavalier—Paul Vatcher.

The Age of Innocence—Evaleen Graham.

Resting—Betty Millar.

The Day of Reckoning—The Examination Day.

Dreaming—Arnold Rollings.

The Song of the Lark—George Faichnie.

Dignity and Impudence—Jean Snazel and Eileen Patterson.

Our Fashion Plate,—Gordon Hugill.

Daniel in the Lion’s Den—Winston Hensler.

Can’t You Talk—Wallace Briscoe.

The Toyman—Charles Cook.

Fourteen—Our Marks in Arithmetic.

Bedtime Stories—Homework.

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With Our Poets

Staff-o-dils

(With apologies to Wordsworth's
"Daffodils")

I wandered lonely on Queen's Drive
That winds its way to Learning's
Hall,

When all at once I saw them strive
Nine teachers who had heard the
call—

Coming east and coming west
Full of zeal to do their best.

Mr. Lowens with three "R's" that
find

Their place in school life every
day;

He lifts us from the daily grind
Inspiring us the game to play.
School standards rose when first
he came

And put in print Memorial's Name.

The casualties upstairs are brought
And cared for kindly by Miss
Lawrie.

The Junior Fourth by her are
taught

Whose name is famed in song and
story.

Miss Webster reigns across the
hall

Her work is thorough for us all.

Miss Fuller, from the Classic City,
With high ideals of education,
Is kind, considerate, and witty.
In helping for examination

Miss Fraser at Geography
Is a marvel of efficiency.

Doh, Ray, Me, Fah, Soh, Lah, Te,
Doh,

Miss Beamish does at music work;
And to Miss Boake her classes go
Who teaches them no work to shirk
If in the future they'd bring fame
And honour to Memorial's name.

The babies small come tripping in
To Miss McFarlane, fair of face,
Their reading, writing to begin
In preparation for Miss Scrace
Who makes them think, and add,
and spell
Until they know their tables well.

All honour to Memorial's name,
As on we go from year to year,
May our desires to play the game
Be passed to others far and near.
Our standards high, our ideals true
Be shown in everything we do.
Shortfellow and Greening.

Homemade Sunshine

A flash or two of humour and a
smile for everyone,

A lot to bear with people's faults
mixed with laughter and
fun;

The glow of kindly patience in
life's little frets and frays
With the brightness of unselfish-
ness along the common
ways.

ETHEL NEWBOLD.

Success

I opened the door and looked to
 see
 A road, leading off and under the
 trees,
 Over a hill and a mountain it dip-
 ped
 Through much mud and mire it
 slipped.
 But up on a hill-top far-away
 A beacon beckoned and seemed to
 say.
 "Come and reach me! For I'm
 Success"
 And, as I walked, the road along,
 My heart within me sang a song,
 I had chosen, through my own will
 A road which led me straight up-
 hill
 Then, with my fluttering heart
 made light
 With joy I grasped the beacon
 bright.
 I had won the thing I needed,
 I found, to my joy, that I had suc-
 ceeded.

EILEEN MAY.

The War Cry

Books, Books, Books!
 Sweltering heat and master's
 looks;
 While outside the sun is streaming
 Pupils inside are day-dreaming
 The master's voice like a bugle
 call—
 "Buck up! Buck up! and do not
 stall,
 For you've got to pass at the end
 of the term
 For if you don't you're sure to
 yearn."

ETHEL NEWBOLD.

Alberta

Alberta is the land
 Of fields of waving grain
 Where lofty mountains stand
 To watch the rolling plain.

 Her agriculture is good
 With forests of stately trees
 While the good old Union Jack
 Floats proudly on the breeze.

Wolfe at the Plains of Abraham

The day was dark and overcast,
 With dirt and grime and soot
 While the British bent on victory
 Tramped the dead French under
 foot.
 When all the Frenchmen turned
 and fled
 Wolfe then was paying dear,
 For he lay wounded behind the
 ranks
 On damp ground brown and sear.

He very calmly breathed his last
 When he knew the French had fled
 And glad he was for Britain's sake
 That for her he had bled.

ZELMA POOLE.

Yukon Territory

My name is known as the Yukon
 The land of ice and snow
 I have many lakes and rivers
 And am the land of the Eskimo.

Alaska borders on the West
 British Columbia on the South
 North West Territory on the East
 With Beaufort Sea as my mouth.

But when the gold rush came along
 The people flocked to see
 And dug and dug until I felt
 There would be nothing left of me.
 ZELMA POOLE.

The Greedy Boy

Sammy Smith, he drinks and eats
 From morning until night
 He filled his mouth quite full of
 meat;
 He looked a shameful sight.

He gave away his books and toys
 To get apples, pears or plums;
 And angry grew if other boys
 Should take one single crumb.

He ate and drank his food so fast,
 And his mouth he stuffed and
 crammed,

Until he got the name at last
 Of being greedy Sam.

GWENDOLINE NEWBERRY.

June

The days are roling by, one by one;
 June is creeping o'er us with her fun;
 Lazy lambs start frolicking anew
 When June comes to us with her skies of blue.

Her days cannot hold pleasures enough,
 Her winds and rains are anything but tough
 She bids the sun her wondrous rays to shine
 On earth, when June doth with us dine.

MAXINE CATTERALL.

Our Baseball Team

Cooper holds down first base,
 She would be difficult to replace.

Our catcher is known as Summer
 Could not be beat as a runner.

First short stop is Jean
 Inclined to be rather lean.

Our pitcher and captain is Evaleen
 She can readily be seen.

Second base is called Banting
 Who runs until she is panting.

Second short stop is Partridge
 Who travels like a cartridge.

Third base is Newbold
 Not very young, nor yet very old.

First fielder is May
 She knows how to play.

Second fielder is Sonny
 So slow and yet so bonny.

"R" is for Rowland, our third base
 With such a cute and darling face.

Donald Hales is our coach and adviser.
 Pay attention and you'll surely be wiser.

H.S.

Mother

I think of you, my mother dear,
 Of all your gentle ways,
 Your courage and unfailing cheer
 Which love alone repays.
 Remembering your kindly voice,
 Your heart, so warm and true,
 My own heart sings, and I rejoice
 To know that I have you.

Selected.

British Columbia

British Columbia is the land
 Of mining and fisheries
 Her forests are large and grand
 And she borders on the sea.

Here she lives free from strife,
 With Justice and Freedom for all,
 And all are ready to give their life,
 If Britain gives the call.

ZELMA POOLE.

HONOUR

What is Honour? Let us stop and consider. Honour is what makes us do right, or what our conscience tells us to do, even if we are tempted to do otherwise. For instance, a bank teller who is handling money all the time, if it were not for his honour, the temptation, which is ever before him, might cause him to take some for his own use.

Honour, also, helps one to be truthful at all times, even though at times it seems to be to your own detriment. Why cannot we all be honourable, because we know that dishonour will never prosper?

"Come, dear children, come this way;

Honour is here, and here to stay."

JEAN BRIGHAM

"What is the difference between a person late for the train and a schoolmistress?"

One misses the train and the other trains the misses.

Fourteen or the Doorway of Life

Our life is represented as a great wide door. In our very young days this door is kept tightly closed and locked with the huge golden lock of love.

As we grow older, however, we are drawing nearer and nearer to this large door. Now, at the age of fourteen we are standing on the threshold of life. The door is still locked, but in a few more years it will be opened for us.

Perhaps we know, and perhaps we do not know, that on the other side of the barrier lie all our unrealized dreams, ambitions and hopes. In the past we have dreamed of our future. One wishes to become a famous artist, another a musician, a world-famed business man, a great soldier. All these dreams, ambitions and hopes lie barred from us behind the door.

Education is the only key which fits this lock properly. When we are thrust out into the world we must insert our key in the lock and turn it. We must be prepared! Our parents, seeing us well educated, will allow us to go out into the

world. It will be necessary for us to use our education to the best of advantage. Immediately the door opens, we should see the long winding road stretching out into the future with all its turns, branches, and stones. What is our goal? Surely it is success! Almost every child has the opportunity of obtaining a key which opens the door of life, leading on to the road to success. We should strive to make our key shine as brightly as possible with honours and scholarships.

With shining eyes, beating hearts, we dream of the future. First, however, we must travel the rough and tiresome way, over the road to success, perhaps stumbling again and again, ever rising and going on, never giving up. Then, and only then, shall we have done justice to our ambitions, our hopes and our dreams. We shall perhaps see our name, heralded here and there. We are famous! We have reached our goal! We have inserted our key and turned it with all our might! We have succeeded!

EILEEN MAY

Youth

This period is the age of fiery ambition and hope in the life of the younger generation. The path of life is along a narrow road, leading always uphill till they reach the golden goal, which no one may secure unless they preserve themselves against that dangerous enemy, "Bad Habits." The young are by God's Providence exempted in a great measure from anxiety. Their friends stand between them and the struggles of existence. The younger children get their bread without knowing or caring how it is paid for, but when they reach this age they begin to wake to a new life, full of fiery ambition and burning enthusiasm. Life is not all play but work is concerned in it.

Take heed and prepare yourself for the future, for you cannot repair that which you have done in

the past. The boy must learn docility, gentleness of temper, reverence, submission—all these feelings which are to be transferred afterward in full cultivation to God, like plants nursed in a hotbed and then planted out, are to be cultivated until they reach this glorious stage of youth. Veneration for our parents is extended to become adoration for something higher in life. Thus we have attained our golden goal at last.

As Tennyson says in his wonderful poem, 'A Vision of the Future,'

"I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world
And all the wonder that would be."

MAXINE CATTERALL

Willy's Soliloquy

It's not so fine to be a boy as you think it is because a boy always gets in wrong when he tries to do right. One time I was sitting on the floor in the kitchen making a kite, when all of a sudden my ma asked Aunt Lizzie if she liked the new dress that Mrs. Green wore to the party. My aunt said that was a wonderful dress, only fat people don't look well in a colour like pink.

That afternoon Mrs. Green came to the house and sat down in one of our living-room chairs to have a talk with Ma and Aunt Lizzie. After a while she asked Ma and my aunt how they liked the new dress that she had worn at the party. They answered and said that it was a glorious dress, but I was taught to always tell the truth, so I told Mrs. Green that Aunt Lizzie said that fat people didn't look well in a colour like pink. Mrs. Green flushed red all over and stamped out of the house. Gee! I got such a lickin' from Aunt Lizzie and my ma that I had to stand up to eat my supper—and I got licked for telling the truth.

One Thursday in May I went and asked Ma if I could go out fishin' with the fellows, and Ma said I couldn't, but I went anyway. We had to cross a well repaired barbed

wire fence to get to the old fishin' hole, and there was a brand new sign nailed to a tree, and it read something like this:

Trespassers will
be
prosecuted and no
fishing.

By order.

We paid no attention to it, and started to bait our hooks, when a grouchy man shouted at us and told us to beat it off his lot. When we got home and I went in the house I got another lickin' from Ma and Aunt Lizzie because Ma told me not to go. You know that Thursday was my unlucky day because I went fishin' and caught a whale from Ma and Aunt Lizzie.

Aunt Lizzie said if she had her way she would nail all boys up in a barrel until they were twenty years of age. But I betcha they wouldn't look at her when they got out because she is just an old maid.

Maybe it isn't so nice to be a boy, but, Gee! I would hate to be a girl and grow up into an old maid like Aunt Lizzie. Yet I wish Aunt Lizzie and Ma were boys just once and I was their aunt. I'd give them such a lickin' that they would have to stand up for a whole year.

MURRAY ARMSTRONG

Perseverance

The president of a Canadian college was one morning, while sitting in his study, astonished by the entrance of a visitor. He was a lad of about seventeen years, rough and uncouth in his appearance, with clumsy shoes on his feet and an old tattered hat in his hand. The kind and venerable president asked the boy what he wished.

"If you please, sir," said the plough-boy in a bashful, awkward way, "I'd like to git some larnin'. I heard you had a college, sir, and I thought if I could work for you, you would help me to an edication."

"Well, my young friend," replied the president, "I scarcely see any way in which you might be useful to us."

"Why, I can bring water, cut wood and black boots," interrupted the lad, his eyes brightening with earnestness. "I want to git an edication. I don't keer how hard I work."

"I'm afraid, my young friend, I can do nothing for you," replied the president. "I would like to help you, but I see no way in which you can be useful to us at present."

The plough-boy stood silent and

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Weston

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mute, holding the handle of the door for a moment. His eyes were downcast and his lip trembled. At last he made a well-meant but awkward bow, and opening the door turned sadly from the room.

His earnestness had, however, appealed strongly to the president's feelings. He called him back and in a few moments the boy was hired as a boot-black to the college.

Many years after there might have been seen a new and magnificent building rich with beauties of architecture and filled by an immense crowd, who listened in death-like stillness to the burning eloquence of a great lecturer. The speaker is a man of middle age of striking appearance, piercing eyes and high, intellectual brow. Every eye is fixed on him, every lip hushed, and every ear drinks in the eloquent teaching of the orator. Who in all the throng would recognize in the famous president of the college the humble boot-black of former days.

"Work thou for pleasure,
Paint, or sing, or carve;
The thing thou lovest,
Though the body starve.
He who works for glory
Misses oft the goal.
He who works for money
Coins his very soul.
Work thou for work's sake,
And it may be
That these things shall be
added unto thee."

ETHEL NEWBOLD

None of us escapes punishment;
soon after our parents stop spanking us, experience begins.

Father—"Failed in your exams again! What's the excuse this time?"

Raymond—"What could you expect? They still ask the same silly questions."

No one has a monopoly on the supply of good nature—jump in and make a hog of yourself.

A DISASTROUS DAY

(A Soliloquy)

I awoke with such a feeling of depression and impending disaster that I wondered if I was in for another attack of mumps (which I once had.) But no! Far worse than that. To-day was the beginning of the entrance exams! I began to get dressed, frantically trying to study at the same time. Now let's see, Brussels is the capital of Germany; no, France? Oh, why didn't I study harder during the year. I groaned dismally. If only I had one week more!

Finally I came down to breakfast, but being unable to eat, I started to school, still studying geography.

As I came into the schoolroom I became conscious of snickering and looking down beheld, "Oh horrors!" had absent-mindedly put on one black and one white stocking. The snicker became a roar, and even the teacher smiled. Red-faced and almost crying I turned and fled. But thinking better I returned. Then the blow fell. I was told I could not try as I had left the room. I looked around stupified while the teacher came menacingly forward and took hold of my shoulder.

Mother was shaking me and I woke with a start. What a relief!

ZELMA POOLE

SPRING

Old Man Winter—unable to resist spring's soft coaxing has loosened his icy grip on the land. Life comes flooding back to every bare creek and inlet with rippling cheer.

From the marshes where tiny marigolds are peeping, comes the silver-throated chorus of the frogs; Heaven has laid a warm ear over the earth and is listening to the happy sighing of the breezes, the musical gurgling of the brooks, the joyous "Spring Song" of the birds, here a rosy red robin is flinging to the world in his happy, carefree

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way a throaty message of cheer, while over in the orchard a bright blue-jay screams his early praises to the spring.

The endless blue of the sky is marked only by squadrons of fluffy clouds which float lazily across it, and flocks of birds returning once more to their homeland from the sunny south. The flush of life may be easily felt thrilling back through hill and vale. We feel life growing and see it glisten. The sap is welling into the budding branches, the sticky buds burst once more into young green foliage, crowning them with a beautiful halo.

A wandering breeze finds its way through the blossoming orchard, showering pink cascades of petals on the young green grass, covering the earth with living snow.

In the cool darkness of the deep woods the shy hepatica is unfurling its fur-robed stem, the meek arbutus unfolds its petals to welcome the beautiful newcomer, Spring. Humble ferns unwind their incurled fronds, paying homage to their liberator, who released them from their frozen prison.

Gradually, however, Spring must, in her turn, give up her hold to summer, the days grow longer, the sun stronger and the breezes warmer. Silently the pale rose tint of spring deepens into the richer tones of summer.

Spring has flitted away to visit some other part of the world, while here in our corner of the earth, summer, autumn, winter in succession live their day.

EILEEN MAY

ROBERT SCOTT

Robert Scott, the great Antarctic explorer, was born in Outlands, England. In 1882 he joined the navy and after a few years worked his way to the coveted rank of captain.

About this time he resigned his position and made ready for an Antarctic exploration trip.

In 1910 Scott sailed from New Zealand and reached the foot of Mount Erebus. From here the little party set out with sledges, tramping daily nearer the pole. On January 18, 1912, they reached their destination only to find a terrible disappointment. Amundson had made a dash with dogs and sleds and had reached the pole first.

With bitter resentment they turned homeward. No one knows of the terrible hardships they went through, exposed to the severe temperatures and raging blizzards nearly all the time. Scott frequently wrote in his diary that things looked very black.

Day by day the dauntless party grew less, and at each depot they found only a small amount of oil and food.

At last the remaining three, one being Scott, were detained by a blizzard only a few miles from a relief party. Here they grew weaker, and with Scott's last strength he asked in his diary that his family be looked after.

These men who died so bravely and fearlessly will always remain a beacon in the history of the explorations of the South Pole. They, if they had cared to, could have stayed at home in front of a warm fire, but they went out through unknown regions to win honour for their country.

TED POOLE

Teacher—"Tommy, spell 'needle'?"

Tommy—"N-e-i-d-l-e."

Teacher—"But there's no 'i' in it."

Tommy—"Well, if there's no eye in it, it's not a good needle."

"Why are horses little needed on the Isle of Wight?"

"Because visitors prefer Cowes to Ryde."

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WONDERS OF THE EAST

The Sahara Desert, with its illimitable expanse of golden and ever moving sands, its hidden tombs, what secrets, lost civilizations, and ancient cities lie buried forever in its vast bosom?

Alexandria, once the cradle of historical Egyptian romance, now the most modern city of the Orient, with its up-to-date ports, railways, smoking liners and humming factories; its mosques, gems of architectural skill, in which lie buried, amid untold treasures, Sultans who once ruled with a despotic hand.

The tomb of Mohammed Allah surpasses all in beauty of design and workmanship.

The temple of Ra (Sun God) is another work of art, of which only a pillar, or needle, remains. It was built of granite brought from the quarries on the outskirts of Alexandria.

The pyramids, sentinels of the ages, unharmed by scorching sun and merciless winds, on which are written the hieroglyphics of the ancient prophets. These were made decipherable only by the discovery of the Rossetti stone in 799, this being the key to the Egyptian alphabet. The pyramids bear mute testimony to the skill and tenacity of purpose of an almost forgotten race.

EILEEN MAY

IN THE WOODS AT EVENTIDE

The day was slowly drawing to a close. As I walked through the woods and beside a swiftly flowing cascade of gleaming waters, I gazed upward reflectively. My eyes sought the horizon. What a glorious sight met my eyes. Words cannot express the ethereal beauty of this evening sunset. A brilliant red suffused the western sky, casting lighter shades of fairylike colours upward. The pale blue of the sky was now beginning to show a darker shade, as the downy clouds rolled lazily across. A slight evening breeze had sprung up, gently

stirring the treetops, making a rustling sound like old silk. Below my feet lay the beautiful carpet of velvet green dotted here and there by golden-hued buttercups and shy peeping violets. The birds had ceased their gay chirping except for an occasional twitter. The beautiful silver stream at the side of me flowed swiftly onward, gurgling with delight over gleaming pebbles. Small cascades of silvery water rippled and reflected the light of the setting sun. A few beautiful lily pads lay on the surface, with frogs sitting saucily upon them, letting out now and then an occasional, "Croak, croak" of pleasure. What a grand and glorious thing is nature. A walk in the woods at eventide is as much pleasure to me as seeing all the glorious ruins of ancient Rome.

ETHEL NEWBOLD

ASPHALT

The name asphalt originated with the Babylonians. It was applied to a mineral pitch occurring in natural pools near the Euphrates River and in seepages which floated to the top of the Dead Sea.

Asphalt was an article of commerce between the Babylonians and the Egyptians, and was used in the process of preserving their mummies, water-proofing their boats and as a mortar for building their temples. In the ruins of the Temple of Babylon may still be seen the mortar of asphalt which has remained without change for so many centuries.

Asphalt is one of nature's own combinations and is found in the ground in layers or veins, and sometimes in exposed deposits called lakes or pools. The best known of these are the Trinidad and Bermuda deposits.

Just as there are wide variations in kinds of wood, there are also in the different deposits of asphalt. Some are harder than others, varying in elasticity, melting point, etc.

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To-day asphalt is a very valuable servant of modern civilization. It is used in the construction of highways, it is incorporated with rubber in the manufacture of automobile tires, and because it is a mineral pitch it does not decay or deteriorate in contact with the most severe weathering conditions. It is also used in the manufacture of Toronto Asphalt Roofing. Wood decays, iron rusts, slate breaks, but roofing made of asphalt has such stability that roof protection is assured without upkeep expense.

JEAN LIVINGS

HUMOUR

Bright answers from more or less bright pupils.

The Puritan's religion was called Druidism.

Winnipeg is on the coast of Labrador.

King Alfred chased the Dames out of England.

The Spinning Jenny was a combination of the spinning mule and steam invented by Harkright.

James Hargreaves invented the mule that spins in 1770.

George Stephenson applied the principle of steam to Queen Victoria in 1814.

We don't quite agree with these.

D. Hales—"How are your electrical experiments coming along?"

Prof. Goof (Vatcher)—"Fine, only you make far too much static."

Jessie—Where does your father work?

Jenny—In the Toronto Stock Exchange.

Jessie—Oh yes; that would be down in Swift's, wouldn't it?

Professor: "What are four words most used by students?"

Student: "I do not know."

Professor: "Quite correct."

Neighbour: "What was all the loud talking in your house?"

Tommy: "Oh, father and mother were just swapping animals."

"Swapping animals?"

"Yes; mother passed the buck and got dad's goat."

During Geography period the anxious one inquiringly asked while studying the industries: "What do you put eggs under?"

Bright one: "Hens."

Good looking teachers keep the boys interested in figures.

Teacher—"Use 'wanton' in a sentence."

Robert—"My mother is always wanton to wash my ears."

"When is it dangerous to enter a church?"

When there's a canon in the reading desk or a great gun in the pulpit.

"Why is it dangerous to take a nap in a train?"

Because the train always runs over sleepers.

"What is the finest verse that ever was?"

The universe.

"Which is the strongest day in the week?"

Sunday, because all the rest are week-days.

"What has to be taken before it is given?"

A photograph.

The teacher was holding up a picture of a zebra.

"Now, children, what is this?"

"It looks to me like a horse in a bathing suit," answered little Arthur.

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"Why should a carthorse never be hungry?"

Because it always has a bit in its mouth.

"Can you tell me why a black cow can eat green grass and give white milk, that makes yellow butter?"

Yes, for the same reason a blackberry is red when it's green, and black when it is ripe."

"Well," said Miss Webster, when she came in with the examination paper.

"No, sick," said the class.

John and Tom were watching a barber singe Jack's hair.

"Gee," said Tom, "he's hunting 'em with a light."

Father—"How are you getting on at school?"

Johnny—"Fine! I've learned to say 'thank you' and 'if you please' in French."

Father—"Good! That's more than you ever learned to say in English."

Teacher—"Where is the Dead Sea?"

Tommy—"Don't know, Ma'am."

Teacher—"You don't know where the Dead Sea is?"

Tommy—"No. I didn't even know any of the seas were sick."

Miss Lawrie—"Tommy, what is a simile?"

Tommy—"I have forgotten."

Miss Lawrie—"But if you said, 'My hours at school are bright as sunshine,' what figure of speech would that be?"

Tommy—"Irony."

Small child—"The man that made this geography must have been colour blind."

Teacher—"Why do you think so?"

Small child—"Because he's got Greenland coloured yellow."

Mother—"Willie, run over and see how old Mrs. Smith is this morning."

Willie departed, but in a few minutes came back and said, "She says it's none of your business."

"Why, Willie," exclaimed his mother, "what did you ask her?"

"Just what you told me to," said Willie. "I said you wanted to know how old she was."

Little Willie—"What is a lawyer, Pa?"

Pa—"A lawyer, my son, is a man who induces two other men to strip for a fight and then runs off with their clothes."

Mother—"What do you think you will make out of my daughter's talent?"

Professor (absent-mindedly) — "About two dollars a lesson if the piano holds out."

Junior, on being told by his mother to be sure to brush his teeth before going to bed, exclaimed, "Mother, now you ought to know that's my favourite thing I hate to do."

During the history lesson the teacher asked the question, "What do you know of Margaret of Anjou?"

"She was very fat, sir," answered one of the boys.

This was news to the teacher, and he asked for the lad's authority.

"It's in the book, sir, 'Among Henry's stoutest supporters was Margaret of Anjou.'"

Kitty, aged four, had been naughty, and her father had had to administer vigorous correction before going to business.

What an impression had been made was apparent when, on his return from business in the evening Kitty called upstairs with frigid politeness:

"Mother, your husband's home."

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